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Leaving Metropolis

By Brad Fraser

[Train whistle blowing]
[David humming]
Shit!
Am I in time for the part
where you cut your ear off?
Hey.
You okay?
You look great.
Date with
my psychologist.
Nervous?
There's a box riding
on this visit.
How are you feeling?
Fine.
Fine?
I just want to get it over with;
it's time.
Let's smoke a joint.
This is a psychological
evaluation.
I have to be straight.
You're hardly straight
on Lorazepam.
Lorazepam's legal.
Paint something.
I'm trying;
nothing comes.
I hate to say it,
but I think I'm blocked.
Blocked blocked
or blocked?
Blocked blocked.
Eew.
Yep.
Paint me.
Nude?
Dick and all?
The dick's not mine.
Hideous mistake.
Absolutely.
They cut it off,
Shannon.
They can't

put it back.
I don't have
a problem with that.
Most guys are attached
to their willies.
Do I look like
most guys to you?
Point taken.
Love ya.
Mean it.
[Inhales and exhales deeply]
Was the food okay?
Oh, great.
My therapist's
father died.
I'm sorry
to hear that.
You're sweet.
Thanks.
Were you close
to him?
Not particularly.
Oh.
Thanks for coming.
Pleazh.
(Matt)
Night.
Thanks again.
Pretty hot,
huh?
Was she?
Yeah.
No, she's nothing
compared to you.
Matt, some of those dishes
sat up for a while tonight.
Dinner hour's pretty
busy sometimes.
Maybe we should think
about another waiter.
You wanna put
an ad in the paper?
Yeah.
You wanna do the hiring,

or should I?
I'll leave it to you.
All right.
[Woman singing over radio]
I did my best painting
when I was a waiter.
I did my best writing
when I was a virgin.
Life's a barter
system.
I need a job.
As a what?
A waiter.
You hated
being a waiter.
You meet people,
overhear things,
see new faces.
(Kryla)
Shlep chow for dicks
who don't tip.
This painting is shit.
What if someone recognizes you?
I'll go to some dump
where no one'll know me.
Oan you believe my therapist?
Having a family tragedy when I'm
ready for gender reassignment.
And she calls herself
a professional.
I'm going to get a job.
A what?
As a waiter.
What brought this on?
With the exception of you and
Kryla, all my friends have died,
gone crazy, or moved away.
I never get out
of the house anymore.
I need...
Stimulation?
Inspiration.
Mm-hmm.
[Beeping]

Indinavir?

Will they make me giddy
and excitable?

No, but they will give
you kidney stones.

I'll take six.

Thanks.

We'll let you know.

Yeah, right.

Do I see you
about the job?

You're looking
for a job?

I have a resume.

Do you ever.

I'm not sure this is
your kind of place.

I can work any hours
you offer,
and I really don't care
how much money I make.

You're an angel
from heaven, right?

I've been told that.

It's only a couple
hours a night.

That's not a problem.

- You sure?

- I'm sure.

I'm David.

Matt.

(David)

Interesting decorating choice.

My wife collects them.

Dave, this is Violet,
my wife.

Co-owner, chef, boss.

Dave's the new waiter.

I'd shake your hand, Dave,
but I'm all wet.

It's David, actually.

(Matt)

Sorry.

Short hours okay

with you?
Just fine.
Great.
Welcome.

4:

Sure.

How old do you
think he is?

Hard to say.

[Background piano music]

Another bottle
of anti-freeze?

- No.

- No?

Work tomorrow.

Evening.

Think I'll go home,
blow a sploof, and crash.

Guess it's off
at the Press Olub.

Mm, catch

my column tomorrow.

- What's it about?

- Lois Lane.

Oh, I loved

Lois Lane.

She always wore the best
hats and knew karate.

Jimmy Olson was a fag.

You moes think
everyone's gay.

He wore a

green bow tie.

Superman and Lois Lane
are getting married.

What?

She's marrying him
as Clark Kent.

Doesn't even know
he's Superman.

Now, if that isn't
the perfect metaphor
for the modern relationship,

I don't know what is.

Jesus.

(Shannon)

Don't worry.

I'm here for you

Where exactly is this
restaurant of yours?

I'd like to drop by.

I don't want anyone who
knows me to know where it is.

Really?

(David)

Really.

Thanks for understanding.

(Kryla)

Oh, whatever.

Love ya.

Mean it.

Young love is so...

Young.

Exactly.

He's not from Earth.

He's an alien.

Krypton?

Spider-man got married
a couple of years ago.

- Spider-man's from Earth.

- So what?

People from Earth can only
marry other people from Earth?

Maybe his cum's
poison to humans.

Superman's cum
is not poison.

They might have monster
kids or something.

(David)

Hi.

Superman's getting
married.

(David)

I heard.

Doesn't seem right after
holding out for so long.

(Violet)

The restaurant's split
half-and-half.
You place the cutlery...
I thought you checked
the silver.
I did.
The place is casual.
Make sure you get the
food out while it's hot.
Flip the tables
as fast as you can.

(David)

Yes ma'am.
Matt'll show you where
everything is.
And don't fuck
with my kitchen.
A waiter's place is not
in the kitchen.
You've got potential.
You have no idea.

[Chuckles]

Don't let Violet
intimidate you.
Please.

Slight complaint.

What?

The guy says
the sauce is too salty.
Tastes fine to me.
It's quite common for cooks to
lose their sensitivity to salt.
It's fine.

Do you want this customer
to leave here
and tell people
he didn't enjoy his meal,
or do you want him to leave here
and talk about how accommodating
the kitchen was
in fixing his problem?

Give me
two minutes.

You're the boss.
[Country music over radio]
Good night.
Good night.
Thanks.
Great waiter.
Thanks.
Well, hotshot,
any other suggestions?
Well, since you asked.
- What?
- Your garnishes.
What about them?
Radishes carved into roses
are very... '70s.
So what kinda garnishes
would you use instead?
Kale.
You can get it
in mauve now.
It's very
eye-catching.
Mauve kale?
Jesus.
What's kale?
(Violet)
It says in here most men
fantasize about other people
to keep their sex
lives interesting.
Yeah.
You ever fantasize
about other people?
No.
What is it?
Nothing.
Let me see.
It's nothing.
You ever fantasize
about other people?
No.
Use a coaster, Matt.
[Country music over radio]
Well, I guess

that's it for tonight.
I'll take anything else
that comes in.
You need publicity.
Do you know what it costs for
an ad in the Tribune or The Sun?
What are you doing?
Moving this.
Why?
Well, no one's seeing
it in here.
Good point.
Let the folks know
what you're offering.
You're not just
a waiter, right?
What?
(Matt)
What do you really do?
L... paint.
Oh, yeah?
Like houses and shit?
No, like pictures
and shit.
I've sold a few.
Really?
Wow.
Good for you.
It's not such
a big deal.
Having people pay
for what you draw?
Sounds like
a big deal to me.
I bet you're
really good.
I'm not bad.
I used to want to draw
comic books.
I was really into it.
Even drew a few full stories
when I was in high school.
I was pretty good.
Why didn't you

go after it?
Do you know how many guys
want to draw comics?
Some of them
actually do it.
I'm realistic.
Maybe you sell
yourself short.
I'd like to see
your art sometime.
What are you doing?
Nothing.
David put the special
board in the window.
That's a good idea.
You want a beer, buddy?
Buddy?
What?
Your husband just
called me buddy.
So?
You guys know
I'm gay, right?
I didn't mean for it
to be a big thing.
I assumed you knew.
I mean, I'm a waiter.
You saying all waiters
are fags?
No.
Just lots of them.
Lots of fags are
hairdressers too.
And guys who
arrange flowers.
And guys who design dresses
and people who make furniture
and painters and writers
and composers and...
well, anything in the world
that's pretty, we made it.
Like mauve kale.
We didn't make mauve kale.
We just accessorized it.

This is a problem.

No!

Really!

(David)

Are you sure?

- Yeah.

- Oh, yeah, yeah.

See you tomorrow, then.

Night.

Tomorrow.

[Door closes]

Pretty nice for a fag.

Yeah.

Say you knew someone

quite well,

only say you'd never

seen this person.

You got to know each other

with letters, the telephone,

whatever, and now this person

wanted to meet you,

and you really wanted to meet

them, but, say you'd told maybe

one or two tiny untruths,

and now you're afraid to meet

this person that you know

but have never seen

because you're not everything

you said you were.

What would you do?

Is this one of those

Internet things?

Well, yes.

You meet guys on the Net?

Oh, yeah.

The computer's

replaced my vibrator.

I don't know what

came over me.

He gave me his number, and

as soon as I heard his voice,

I lied my fool head off.

He sounded just like

my favorite uncle Phil.

Uncle Phil damage.
What did you tell him?
That I was 30.
No.
Good luck.
In the right light.
If I've had
lots of sleep.
And they've had
lots of heroin.
Shannon, please!
What are you
going to do?
Stun him, stick him
in the freezer
until I've had
cosmetic surgery.
(David)
Tell him the truth.
Oh, I hate my mother.
Why weren't we warned?
Too busy ironing.
So how's
the tip money?
Fine.
Just let me come
and check it out.
I'll pretend not
to know you.
I'll write something
nice about it in the column.
No.
(Kryla)
Why not?!
Because it's my secret.
But you and I have
never had secrets.
We do now.
(man)
Don't jump flat. #
Don't jump flat. # #
(Matt)
My father left when
I was 11 years old.

I was the youngest, so I don't remember him very well.

(David)

My old man made Fred Flintstone look like Oscar Wilde.

(Matt)

Vi's gonna be at her mom's late. I thought we could get a case of beer and go over to your place after we close up.

(David)

You aren't going? Vi's mom and I don't get along so well. So if you're free. I'm kind of tired. I want to see your artwork. Some other night.

Sure.

I do have time for a joint.

Excellent.

Merci.

Wanna go to my place instead?

I have video games.

Some other night.

You don't like straight people, do you?

Some of my best friends are straight.

No.

Sorry.

Yes, I'm aware they're installing the paintings this month.

Sorry.

No, not for an installation when I have another showing.

I don't know when that will be.

No.
Soon.
Yes.
Bye.
You didn't tell me
you're sketching again.
I'm sketching again.
So the waiter thing
was exactly what you needed.
I guess.
Why are you
all dolled up?
It's psychological
evaluation time.
The good doctor ran out
of bereavement leave.
Good luck.
We could celebrate,
if you're not working tonight.
I should be off early.
It's been dead.
(Kryla)
I'm meeting him
again, tomorrow.
(Shannon)
Mr. Internet?
Yes.
He's so charming.
(Shannon)
Fuck him?
Not on the first
date, darling.
Fabulous.
- Good luck.
- Gotta run.
Vaginal appointment.
Oh, see if you can
get me a new one.
The old one's
drying out.
- Mean ya.
- Love it.
Misuse does
that to vaginas.

(David)

You're certain this guy's
not a sex killer?

Relatively certain.

Incidentally, Paula
at the O.B.O. Called me about
the Legislature
installation.

I've got nothing
to talk to Paula about.
Talk about being a waiter.

(David)

Yeah, right.

Working tonight?

Yes.

Really?

[Hammer pounding meat]

We can't afford
a second waiter.

I can't handle the place
by myself at dinner.

Honey, we don't have
the money.

But he's so damn good.

And I like him.

So do you.

I know.

But, Matt, we don't
have the business.

You'll have to handle
the rush on your own.

You want me to do it?

No.

I'll take care of it.

I see you've got shepherd's pie
on the menu tonight.

You bet.

Hi, Matt.

We've got to talk.

Sure.

What's this?

I thought they might
brighten the tables up.

That's great.

Thanks.

Oan I get coffee
and dessert?

Sure.

(Kryla)

Thank you...
so much.

(Matt)

I'll take it.

Right.

[Background radio music]

Have you got a match?

No.

Oh, silly me.

I do have matches.

(Matt)

If it's stale,
I'll make fresh.

What do you have
for dessert?

Carrot cake, cherry cheesecake,
vanilla ice cream.

I'll try
the carrot cake.

Dessert.

You want me to wait?

No.

Good night, David.

Good night, Vi.

You look familiar.

Oh, I have a
newspaper column.

(Matt)

The Sun, right?

The Trib, wrong.

(Matt)

Right.

(Kryla)

This cake is very good.
The wife bakes it herself.

How rural.

I'm so glad
I dropped by.

(Matt)

How'd you hear about us?
Actually, an artist friend
recommended you.
More coffee.
It's very hot.
I really should
be going.
You hardly touched
your cake.
It was wonderful,
really.
I have a slight
eating disorder.
Lovely restaurant.
What is your name?
I'd like to mention you
in the column.
Matt Elsworth.
And it's the Main
Street Diner, right?
(Matt)
Yes.
Here we are
on Main Street.
Ounning.
Thank you so much.
Good night.
I have to lay you off until
things pick up, David.
What?
Business isn't
so good.
I'll work for tips.
Maybe later on.
Business is gonna
pick up.
That woman who
just came in.
She's gonna
write about you.
One blurb.
It won't be one blurb.
She'll mention you a lot
over the next few weeks.

I know she will.

(Matt)

How?

I have a feeling
for these things.

Don't fire me.

You didn't fire him?

(Matt)

He brought us napkins.

Cloth ones.

How do you fire a guy
that brings you napkins?

Matt.

That woman that was there when
you left writes for The Sun.

She's gonna mention us
in her column.

Get out.

Don't want to turn around
and have to hire another waiter.

Guess we might as well see
if the write-ups
make any difference.

Right.

Something wrong?

No.

We spend an awful
lot of time together.

We're married.

That's how it works.

[Weatherman speaking softly
over TV]

[Techno music playing]

(David)

I want you to rave about it.

I want you to drop
the name in your column
at least twice
this week.

Why would I possibly
do that?

Because they're going
to go under
if they don't get

some asses in those chairs.

This is unethical.

Please.

[Panting]

You told him you'd
write something.

[Panting continues]

Okay.

Bastard.

Shall I mention
the scintillating wall of dolls?

I thought we'd save it
for a later feature.

I will give them
a mention.

Only because I have a date
with Mr. Internet tonight,
and I'm

in a good mood.

Don't push it.

Let's go out tonight.

Where?

I don't know.

Honey, I'm dead at
the end of the day.

Just hang out.

Hear some music,
have some beers.

No, really.

Oome on.

We'll dance.

Dance?

I can barely walk.

I need to do something
besides work here
and hang out at the
apartment all the time.

See the paper today?

No.

What?

(Matt)

"An all round homey and
excellent establishment
that recalls the comfort meals

prepared by a favorite aunt."
You'll notice she
included the address.
Matt had us watching
The Sun.
You really think
this'll help business?
(David)
I think so.
Welcome to the Main
Street Diner.
Are you ever wrong?
Only with
sports questions.
He knows everything.
He know how to keep
you out of trouble?
What?
Well, the husband needs a night
out, and I'm too damn tired.
You wanna keep an eye
on him for me?
I charge extra
for baby-sitting.
I'm good for it.
Okay.
Great.
Right this way.
Hey.
DO's the best.
Marvel sucks.
Batman,
Wonder Woman.
Get real.
There's no one better
than Superman.
True, Superman's
the best of them all.
Superman transcends
the medium.
Whatever that means.
Superman's an icon.
(waiter)
Here you go.

Thank you.

Thanks.

Why don't you have
some guy in your life?

I don't know.

You don't seem...

(David)

What?

Faggy.

Neither do you.

[Chuckles]

You're going to be mentioned
in the paper again.

How do you know?

I have the mutant power of
predicting the future.

How 'bout predicting
when I'm gonna see
these paintings of yours?

Why is that such
a big deal to you?

I love talent, man,
talented people.

What if you don't
like my work?

I'm pretty sure

I will.

[Background rock music]

You know, l...

Yeah?

My last year
of high school.

This new guy,
my friend.

I think maybe we were
kind of in love.

Really?

Not like fags
in love.

Like guys,
you know?

Lots of guys have those kinda
things when they're young.

Really?

Oh, yeah.

You ever fuck
around with him?

No.

Night, buddy.

Night, Matt.

(woman)

This is the beginning
of me. #

Yet somehow it's the ending
of my freedom, freedom. #

What, is that all?

I was found, and now
I'm lost; I'm lost inside. #

For every wish,
it's freedom, freedom. #

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

I will lay down
all my dreams, #

and dream the dreams
you want me to. #

And I will lay down
at your side #

and wait for you
to tell me that you love me. #

Love me.

Looking at the definition,
I have drawn #

my own conclusions
about freedom, freedom. #

What, is that all?

To be loved
and to belong to someone, #

somehow makes me strong
as freedom, freedom. #

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

I will lay down
all my dreams and dream #

the dreams you
want me to, #

and I will lay down
at your side #

and wait for you
to tell me #

that you love me,
love me. #
There is a fine line
between love and obsession. #
The more that I need you, #
the more I become
your possession. #
I will lay down
all my dreams, #
and dream the dreams
you want me to, #
and I will lay down
at your side #
and wait for you
to tell me that you love me. #
I will wait
for you to love me. # #
I've got something
you should see.
What?
A painting.
Tonight?
Let me handle it.
[Exhaling deeply]
[Background techno music]
Are you almost done?
Those tables look like they
might be in for the long haul.
And we've got to rotate
everything in the beer coolers.
Shit, honey,
I'm exhausted.
Why don't you go on ahead?
I'll meet you at home.
Don't be late.
No promises.
You stay out of trouble.
Your family got money
or something like that?
Something like that.
This place is amazing.
Thanks.
I mean, what more could
an artist want?

Oh, sorry.

I thought you had
the radio on.

My pig daughter,
Scrunta.

You came into
the restaurant.

That's right.

I'm Matt.

Shannon.

I didn't know you knew
each other.

David's been kind enough to
front me a room down the hall.

Drink?

Oh, no.

Thanks.

I was just...

off to bed.

Nice to meet you.

You too.

She's sexy.

- She has a dick.

- What?

She was born a man but believes
there's a woman's soul
in her body, and she's spent
her entire adult life
trying to let her out.

She's got a dick?

Stay with the tour.

So when does Shannon
get a twat?

I don't know
if she will.

(Matt)

Why not?

Shannon tested HIV plus
about nine years ago.

Her lover died of it.

They don't really recommend
surgery for people
with some of Shan's
health problems.

I thought that AIDS was
nearly cured or something.
No, you just read
about it less.
What is this?
The names of everyone
I know who have died of AIDS.
Shit.
Yeah.
You HIV positive?
No.
Good.
What were you gonna
show me?
Oool.
I have to unveil it.
Sure.
Fuck!
You painted that?
Yeah.
I'm beautiful.
Yeah.
Fuck.
What?
I'm getting a hard-on.
[Panting]
Good.
I am straight.
I don't mind.
I went to David's
for a drink.
I didn't think you'd mind after
we stayed late and everything.
I was worried.
We just lost track of time.
(Violet)
I didn't know if
you were in an accident
or if someone broke
into the restaurant or what.
I'm fine.
You know, the night
my father left my mother,
he just never came

home from work.
Jesus, Vi, I didn't think
it'd be a big deal.
You said you were tired.
I assumed you'd be sleeping.
Went up to his place?
He had this painting
he wanted me to see.
He didn't come on to you
or anything like that, did he?
Fuck no.
Just kidding.
You really should lock
your door.
That is an alarmingly
beautiful painting.
Isn't this...
Yes, it's the married guy
from the restaurant.
You're painting the married
guy from the restaurant.
Toke?
You wouldn't happen to be
getting fucked regularly
and be in intense
emotional pain, would you?
No.
You must never
sleep with him,
no matter how much
you want to.
He is a married man.
He has a wife.
Is he a fag?
Is he?
Oh, God.
I hate it when
women marry fags.
It's so...
insidious.
Is he in love with you?
Is he?
No.
And he's not a fag.

You don't fool me.
I hate it when men fall
in love with each other.
It's so much easier
for them, you know?
All that shit that
drives women crazy
makes perfect
sense to them.
You haven't slept
with him, have you?
No.
David?
No.
Is this a party?
You okay?
Just a headache.
Just look
at this painting.
My dear!
(Kryla)
Now look me in the eye
and tell me
he is not in love
with his subject.
(Shannon)
So what if he is?
The subject is married.
(Shannon)
And an adult.
He took a vow.
How many honestly
monogamous men have you met?
Bitch.
You're being awfully
Ohristian about this.
What about
Mrs. Married Guy?
Will you invite her
to the opening?
Who said anything
about an opening?
It would be criminal to paint
something that brilliant

and not show it.
Oould be major.
I have to get back
to work.
That'd be my cue
to leave.
Where are you off to?
Dinner with Mr. Internet.
Oh, he's back?
We spoke on the phone
for an hour yesterday.
Don't call me
in the morning.
Ruff!
[Giggles]
Straight people
and gay people.
Mmm, mixed marriages
rarely work.
Oan't be any more fucked up
than gay relationships.
Whatever, it doesn't...
Oh.
What?
I'm feeling a bit
fall-down-and-hit-my-headish.
I think you better
call my doctor.
[Background piano music]
(Kryla)
The fucker didn't show
then didn't call, didn't
answer my emails, nothing.
Never trust a lawyer
called Mr. Internet.
But he seemed
so real-time.
Men are such
fascinating creatures.
Too bad they're
all pricks.
Really.
You notice anything strange
about David recently?

Strange?
He seems distant.
I think he's in
the process of learning
he can't leap tall
buildings in a single bound.
He's just learning
that now?
Men.
That's not bad.
Why are you trying
on wigs anyway?
I have this potential
brain thing.
Potential brain thing?
Oancer, P.M.L.,
something.
Fuck.
Really.
And the doll
thing is...
Just something
I collect.
I always have.
So it's not some
post-modern comment
on feminism
or something?
Jesus, no.
I just like
a doll's life.
It's perfect,
you know.
Steady boyfriend.
Lovely home.
Lots of clothes.
Right, and you've had
the diner how long?
Just about a year.
It was a wedding gift
from my mother.
Is this gonna
be weird now?
I feel sort

of weird.

Me too.

Let's just forget it.

(Kryla)

Working with your spouse
isn't easy.

Do you and Matt ever
reach a point
where you want to
strangle each other?

Never.

No, Matt's always been
easy to get along with.

So you both maintain
outside interests?

Outside interests?

Well, I guess you've never
owned a diner before.

(Kryla)

Can't say that I have.

So it was
a one-off thing?

Yeah, sorry.

No problem.

(Kryla)

He must have girlfriends.

Matt must have guy friends.

All we have is
each other really.

You don't ever find
that limiting?

No.

You make it sound like
the perfect life.

(Violet)

Well, I'm trying.

(Kryla)

Thanks so much, Violet.

The doll thing
really resonates.

When will it run?

Saturday's Lifestyle
section.

To all the dead people.

How were we to know
mindless ass-fucking
and intravenous drug use would
lead to such heartbreak?
I swallowed a fortune.
You ever sorry?
For being an escort,
for marrying a biker?
Tom was the best thing
that ever happened to me,
even if he was a
part-time junkie.
You're beautiful.
I'm incomplete.
I don't think Tom ever saw you
as anything but a woman.
Tom's not here.
I love you the way
you are.
Whatever you are.
We think we know fucking
everything.
We think we've got it all
figured out.
But we don't know shit.
Hear, hear.
[Chamber music]
[Applause]
Thank you.
It is with great pleasure
that I dedicate this work
by one of our most infamous
and controversial artists
to the Province of Manitoba.
[Applause]
[Cameras flashing]
Is your friend
on drugs?
Almost constantly.
That is the weirdest
painting I've ever seen.
I suspect our editor
will agree with you.
She won't run it

if she doesn't get it.
I'll get them to go
with a shot of David.
He hasn't done any
publicity in a while.
Oh, my God!
What?
Superman's gonna tell Lois
who he really is?
I thought that's what
marriage was all about.
No secrets.
Sure, right.
I always thought it was kinda
weird she never figured it out.
(David)
Shit.
You never said
you were famous.
You never asked.
I knew it.
It's not that hard
to be famous in Winnipeg.
What the hell are
you doing working here?
It's a long story.
Jesus.
But I think maybe
it's time I moved on.
What?
I'm giving you my notice.
Oh, no.
It's okay.
I mean,
we don't mind.
You're going to have
to hire more waiters anyway.
Three can't handle
this place anymore.
I'll hang around for a day
or two until you get them.
We'll miss you.
We'll all survive.
[Traffic noise]

You don't have
to leave.
Yes, I do.
[People talking in background]
[Footsteps pattering]
These are pretty good.
They suck.
I never knew you
were this good.
Put it away.
Hon...
Put it away!
Sorry.
I didn't mean...
Why don't you go
see David?
He's busy.
(Shannon)
Got you something.
Superman reveals
all to Lois.
You know they're selling
for 15 bucks now?
And when did comic fans
gets so scary?
Those kids masturbate too much.
You can just tell.
Why don't you just call him?
It's better this way.
Being miserable?
Not painting?
My cocktail's not working
anymore, and my viral load
is going up.
Time for a whole new cocktail.
Time for a new array
of stunning
side effects.
Fuck.
I can't keep doing this.
We'll work it out.
Why bother?
Don't talk like that.
[Doorbell buzzing]

It's him.
How do you know?
X-ray vision.
I like women.
I've always liked women.
I've never wanted to do
anything like this before
except for Randy
in high school.
Maybe fag and lesbian
aren't nouns.
Maybe they're verbs.
But there's something
about you...
the things you say,
the way you look at me,
make me feel...
These paintings.
What about cheating
on Violet?
This is different.
How?
You're a man.
What do you want, Matt?
I feel like my skin
knows your skin.
I assume this means
you're not dumping me.
You'd never show
those paintings, would you?
I mean, to the public.
I thought
you liked them.
Love them.
But you couldn't...
I mean...
Might be my best work.
(Matt)
It's too scary.
I won't show them
if you don't want me to.
Promise?
Promise.
Clank

I think I love you,

David.

Me too.

[Soft rock music]

#

Yeah.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Yeah.

[Breathing heavily]

Yeah.

[Moaning]

#

Yeah.

[Breathing heavily]

I gotta piss.

Don't forget to lift
the goddamn toilet seat!

[Flushing]

I'm not 11 years old.

How's David?

Good.

Maybe the three of us could do
something sometime.

Maybe.

How can you do that
without looking at me?

I look at you
all the time.

But I don't pose or anything.

I know what you look like,

Matt.

(Dr. Smithers)

Shannon,

until we can find out
what this shadow
on your brain is,
we'll have to postpone
the surgery.

Again?

For how long?

We have no way of knowing.

If surgery is required
or chemotherapy,

we have no way
of telling how long your body
will take to heal.

We can't
postpone it again.

We have to.

I'm sorry.

This isn't going to happen,
is it?

You have to be patient.

I'm tired of being patient.

Fuck.

[Soft instrumental music]

(Matt)

I'm not hurting you?

(David)

It's not that big.

(Matt)

Funny, funny.

[Both moaning]

#

[breathing heavily]

(Matt)

This is great.

(David)

Oh, yeah.

[Moaning continues]

#

I think there was more chance
of this sex change
actually happening
when I used to pray to Satan
to turn me
into Wonder Woman.
Two things in the world

I know for sure:

If you dye your hair once,
you'll never stop,
and if you're born
with a cunt, you're fucked.

You missed nothing.

I don't believe that.

Shannon,

I did something bad.
I was sort of instrumental
in having the picture
run David's paper.
I really have limited interest
in all of this.
Do you think
I should apologize?
I don't care.
Okay, okay, okay.
I'll apologize.
You coming?
Sure.
Okay as usual.
Does it bother you that
I'm with someone else?
Sometimes.
Why don't you let me
fuck you now?
No.
Why not?
It's not something
I've even fantasized about.
I hardly think
I should be punished
for your lack
of imagination.
Get out of here!
Come on.
You know you want to.
Stop it.
(Kryla)
David...
Oops.
You!
You.
(Kryla)
Where'd you tell you wife
you were going?
The hockey game?
(Matt)
Get out.
Or does she know
about this?

Just leave me out
of whatever this is.
What if someone told her?
(David)
Come on, Kryla!
You're both fucking liars.
(Matt)
This is fucked up!
Just calm down.
She's gonna tell
my fucking wife!
She's just mad.
She'll walk it off.
I didn't know
you knew each other.
She had no business
coming here.
Is she gonna write
about this too now?
No.
What do I do
if she goes to Vi?
Maybe you should tell
Violet yourself.
I can't do this anymore,
David.
What?
I don't love you.
Matt, you said...
I lied.
[Rock music]

What the fuck
were you thinking?
I wasn't fucking thinking
about you guys, okay?
What's wrong?
[Glass shattering]
My leg feels funny.
Shan,
what's wrong?
Aah!
Shannon?
(Shannon)

Oareful, blood.
Fuck the blood.
Oan I still get a coffee?
Sure.
Alone?
Matt likes a night to himself
every once in a while.
Thanks for the story.
Are you happy?
What kind of question is that?
Are you?
Yeah.
Have a nice night.
[Lock clicks]
You're home early.
How was your night?
The strange reporter came in.
What for?
It was kind of weird.
Weird, how?
She wanted to know
if I was happy.
That's it?
Yeah.
[Scoffs]
(Violet)
You happy, Matt?
I'm happy.
Survey says brain cancer
or P.M.L.
If it's cancer, they might be
able to do something about it.
If it's P.M.L.,
the virus will eat my brain,
and I will gradually
lose my ability
to walk, hear, and speak.
Luckily, I will retain
my ability to drool
and make disturbing
animal-like noises.
Fuck.
They can't be
absolutely sure

unless I let them drill
a hole in my skull
so they can do a biopsy
on my brain.
Fuck!
[Moaning]
I love you.
I mean it.
How're you feeling?
Like someone drilled
a hole in my head.
You?
Same.
You have to show them.
I promised.
We all lie
when we have to.
Yeah?
Yeah.
Mm, looks great.
I guess David's been busy
with the show.
Show?
(Violet)
Let's go.
Hey, they're gonna kill
Superman.
[Train whistle blowing]
What if Violet
sees them?
Don't I get some say
in what happens to them?
You didn't sit
for them.
You didn't create them.
I inspired them.
You don't pay the fruit
when you do a still life.
You promised.
You said you loved me.
Take advantage of it.
You could be famous.
I don't want to be
a famous fag.

You didn't mind when I made
your restaurant famous.
I'll wreck them.
I will. I'll break in
You even think about touching
one of those paintings,
and it won't be
your restaurant
that'll be
in the gossip columns.
It'll be stories
about you sucking my cock.
You got that?
If you want, if it'll keep you
from showing those paintings,
I'll come back.
Do whatever
you like.
How did I ever drown in
someone so shallow?
David, Please.
Think of Violet.
Did you?
[Electric guitar music]

What?
David's show.
Yeah.
The paintings,
they're of me.
You?
Nude.
[Chuckling]
What?
(Matt)
We've been sleeping together.
You've been sleeping
with David?
(Matt)
Yes.
David, our waiter?
I love you.
You're a fucking fag.
I'm not a fucking fag.

David's our friend!
Why would you...
Jesus.
Violet...
I love you.
Don't.
Look,
I-I knew it was wrong.
I don't know why I did it.
I've never done anything
like this before in my life.
Never.
But that doesn't mean
that I don't love you.
I love you more
than I ever have right now.
I can never
trust you again.
(Matt)
You can...
What if you gave me AIDS?
He doesn't have AIDS.
We didn't do
anything unsafe.
Did he fuck you
in the ass?
No!
(Violet)
You fucked him, though?
Oocksucker!
Slam!
We can work through this.
Work through this?
Yeah.
Do you love him?
No.
I want a divorce.
No.
You'll give me a divorce.
I guarantee it.
I love you too.
Give me your keys.
It's not
the same thing.

Give me your keys
to the apartment, Matt.
Violet,
don't leave me.
I'm sorry.
Go away, Matt.
[Suspenseful music]

[panting]
David.
It's time.
No.
It's P.M.L., David.
There's nothing
they can do.
They'll find something.
Not this time,
baby.
You're all I've got.
This isn't about you,
David.
I know.
No, you don't.
I can't do this anymore.
You can live a long time
before it gets really bad.
But I can't live a long time
with a penis.
Not anymore.
I'm too tired.
Not yet, Shan.
It's time.
Have a beer.
Get a room.
Oall the ambulance from wherever
you are in the morning.
I'll use forgotten
Kryptonian technology
to suck the virus
out of your body.
You're not Superman,
David.
Let me go.
No.

You told me
you could do this.

Please.

It's what I want.

Thank you.

[Soft instrumental music]

#

Mean ya.

Love it.

Go.

#

(Kryla)

You said you weren't
sleeping with him.

It was none
of your business.

Friends don't lie
to each other.

We all lie
to each other.

It's what we're taught.

It's how we learn
to communicate.

What you were doing
was wrong.

Why?

Because they're married?

Yes.

You're an alcoholic.

You're a drug addict.

You're bitter.

You're a fag.

You can't change that,
not even by falling in love
with a straight guy.

What bothers you more, that I
fell in love or the fact that
I fell in love with someone who
considers himself straight?

Please.

You came to the restaurant; you
made sure I was in the paper...
Christ, you even walked in on us
when we were fucking!

You were not
supposed to lie to me.
Not to me.
I'm your best friend.
Shannon's dead.
What?
She's doing it right now.
Why didn't you tell me?
She asked me
not to tell anyone.
I wanted to say good-bye.
She was avoiding that.
Right, but you get
what you want.
Meaning?
Someone else to mourn.
Another excuse to feel sorry
for yourself.
Fuck off, Kryla!
Asshole!
Fag hag!
You know...
[tsks]
I don't like you.
I haven't
for a very long time.
[Electric guitar music]

[panting]
[Siren wailing]
[Doorbell buzzing]
[Water dripping]
[Breathing heavily]
[Steam hissing]
[Water dripping]
[Somber music]

[breathing heavily]

[dripping noises]
[Gasps]
[Suspenseful music]

[applause]

It's a...
That's a hard question.
For me, it's about
letting go,
I guess.
It's connected to grief
and change.
Excuse me.
Violet.
I never saw him like that.
I'm sorry.
You were supposed to be
our friend.
(woman)
Taxi.
I just wanted to see
the paintings.
They're very good.
What was wrong with me?
Didn't I love you enough?
Am I ugly?
When you married me,
you said you'd love me forever.
I never once
didn't love you.
He loves you
as much as I did.
Why do you say that?
Take another look
at the paintings, Matt.
[Door opening]
I knew you'd show
eventually.
I hate openings.
I make a press
appearance and go.
They're great.
Glad you got to see
the series all together.
Violet was here.
(Matt)
I saw her.
Something like this
would've happened

even without
the showing, Matt.
I know.
Sorry.
I still love you.
No.
I don't think you do.
I think you just don't like
the idea of me
not loving you anymore.
Don't you?
I don't know.
I want to try again.
It's too fucked up.
If there's anything
I can do or say...
Matt...
it's me.
I'm sorry.
[Soft instrumental music]

[traffic noises]

[sobbing]
No!
[Sobbing]
[Crying]
[Crying continues]
[Sobbing]
[Crying]
[Fire crackling]
[Intense instrumental music]

[cars passing]
[Soft instrumental music]

[train whistle blowing]
[Door opens]
I hear the canvases sold
in minutes.
(David)
It was a single collector,
so it doesn't really count.
They really

were fabulous.
So was your piece
about Shannon.
I hoped you'd like it.
I brought you something.
The rebirth of Superman.
Apparently, he's like
a bad smell...
just won't go away.
When did you do this?
Finished yesterday.
Why?
For the new owner.
You're leaving.
I need to find new ways
to stimulate myself,
ones that produces
less casualties.
You and me both, pal.
I want to be friends again.
Me too.
But you won't be here.
I don't have to be here
for us to be friends.
I'm sorry
about those things I said.
Don't be.
We've both said things that
should've been said
a long time
ago.
Will you call?
Yes.
Things are gonna be
all right.
It's gonna be okay.
I know.
Love ya.
Mean it.